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THREE EXCELLENT
New Songs;

- I. A new Song in praise of ATHOL
and M'LEOD's Highlanders.
- II. The young Man's lament for mar-
rying an old Woman.
- III. The Sailor's love to fair ISABEL.



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A new Song, in praise of **ATHOL**
and **M'LEOD's** Highlanders.

COME all bold lend your ear,
A true relation you shall hear ;
There is a bloody war you know,
'Twixt Britain and America.

Their congress is a parliament,
That may hellish plots invent,
Their scheme is like curs'd Absalom,
To pull their father from the throne.

They do pretend their taxes too high
But that is but a forged lie ;
For in proportion it's well known,
Britain is tax't twenty to one.

But it is seen by ev'ry eye
They aim at independency ;
Unnatural monsters that they are,
That would their mother's bowels tear

They will intrigue us if they can,
But dare not fight us on the plain,
But sculk behind the bush or tree ;
Playing boggle boo most cowardly.

Thus fir'd has our british blood.
And every Scot cries for his sword

To humble these proud rebels we
Will cross the Atlantic Sea.

Our dukes and lords of high renown,
To show their loyal to the Crown,
Are raising warlick regiments;
To humble the proud male-contents.

Scots Sandy is a man you know,
Ne'er turns his back upon his foe:
With his blue bonnet and broad sword
He'll drive the rebels to the wood.

If Sandy in the wars be slain,
He'll never have to die again;
He dies in honour's bed you see,
Defending King and country.

If any say our boast is vain,
Our answer is they're all mistain;
It's not in arms of flesh we boast,
But it's because our plea is just.

Young British heroes quite the plew
Put on your robes of red and blue,
Here's twenty guineas on the drum,
Stretch out your hand and take the sum.

You're born under the planet Mars,
Why should you be afraid of wars;

Since in this maxum all agree,
No man before his day will die.

Thro' by the sheep-crook and plaid,
And list and follow brave M'Leod;
Fear not the raging of the sea:
But boldly face your enemy.

When british blood you do provoke,
Their arms are steel, their hearts are oak
The roaring gun, and forbith'd spear,
Is music to their marshal ear.

Take Athol's gold in George's name,
And go abroad and fight for fame;
We'll learn them another British dance
And send them all to Deah or France.

What will these mushrooms of men
Pretend to fight our Highland clan:
When it's well known in history,
That one has made a thousand fly.

Then British heroes come away,
And be lairds at America:
But first draw out your warlick sword,
And follow Athol and M'Leod.

The female sack we much admire,
That busk themselves in men's atire,

And cry give us a good broad sword,
To chase the rebels through the woods.

Like maiden Lilliard of great fame,
We will extol their warlick name,
Who on her enemies laid great thumps
And wan the battle on her stumps.

What man can let his heart be cold?
When female courage is so bold?
Then fear not garments rold in blood,
But follow Athol and M'Leod.

TOL TOL TOL TOL TOL TOL TOL

The young Man's Lament for marry- ing an old Woman, &c.

I Am a young man scarce twenty-four,
I married an old wife above four score,
It was for her money I do tell you plain,
Which caused me wed with this old woman then.

With her dainty downby is scarce worth a pia
And to pleasure an old woman is labour in vain

Five hundred guineas she had in brist gold,
A house and a garden as I have been told;
And I being poor I soon did agree,
That with this old woman I married should be.

With her dainty downby, &c.

I sent for a priest in private to wed,
But when my old wife she was brought to her bed

It griev'd me sore to hear her sad groan ;
 And I bruised all my belly upon her hard bones.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

She had two eyes like two rotten plumbs,
 Her belly's as hard as pair a of brass drums,
 Her thighs are as rough as the back of a sow,
 Her breath's like a close-stool believe me it's true.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

Her lips are pale, her breath it is cold,
 Her cheeks like a weight both withered and old ;
 And she is breasted much like to a hen,
 Which makes her to differ from other women.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

The ground it is barran it yields no increase,
 He that weds an old wife is worse than an ass ;
 Her lips are as hard as a pair of plough-stilts,
 And all the night over she hobels and liltis.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

The peigg and the pipe is all her delight,
 She scolds all the day, and she frowns all the night
 Still do what I please and all that I can,
 She is in the right, and I'm in the wrong.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

If a bottle with my friends I chance for to take,
 She swears with her hatchet my head she will break
 To beat the old whore is all my desire ;
 But when she cries murder boys I must retire.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

Do not you remember you rogue she will say,
 I took you from jail and your debts I did pay ;
 I cloth'd you, and fed you, I made you a man,
 And yet you will cuckold me do what I can.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

In two three days after my wife she fell sick,
 I went with courage my friends to invite,
 My friends to invite away then I goes,
 Instead of my mourning puts on my wed-cloaths.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

I went to the joiner her measure to take,
 To make her a coffin both neat and complete;
 And then to the church-yard I did her espy,
 And O! to my friends how happy was I.
 With her dainty downby, &c.

But now since my old wife is fairly dead,
 There's never an old wife lyes more in my bed,
 I'll manage my business as well as I can,
 And I'll make her old brass buy me a new pan.
 With her dainty downby is scarce worth a pin
 And to pleasure an old woman is labour in vain.

The Sailor's love to fair I S A B E L.

I Was a Sailor by my trade,
 And fell in love with a pretty maid,
 My parents would no kindness shew,
 Which made me to the sea to go.

Fair Isabel, my beauty bright,
 These loving lines to thee I write,
 Hoping you are alive and well,
 As I am now, fair Isabel.

Although we're separated now
 Let's not forget the solemn vo

When first I left my native land,
To go on board, to go on board was my
command.

To go on board the Petenian bold,
Was my misfortune to behold ;
All my delight was the borders of Spain
Whilst in the Streights we do remain.

The Spanish lords of high renown,
And gentry came flocking down,
To view our ship, she was rigg'd so neat
With swelling sails and streamers sweet.

It was on the coast of Barbary,
The Algerines came down to see,
And view our ship, she was in her array
Who stood amaz'd, who stood amaz'd
at her so gay.

Our anchors weigh'd and wind,
A ready wind and a pleasant gale,
And then for Holland we bore away,
'Tis not forgetting, 'tis not not forget-
ting the month of May.

Fair Isabel my turtle dove,
In two or three lines I write in love,
Saying you are alive and well,
I am now fair Isabel,

